

CDC

JERRY DRUMMER

Vol 3
No 11



BOY HERO OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

JERRY

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

DRUMMER



DAVE
NEWTON

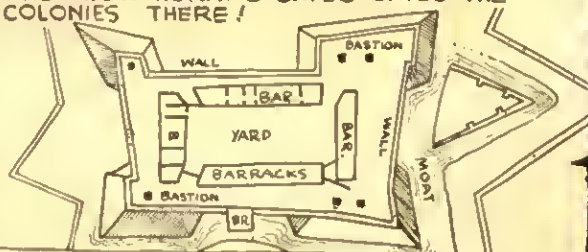
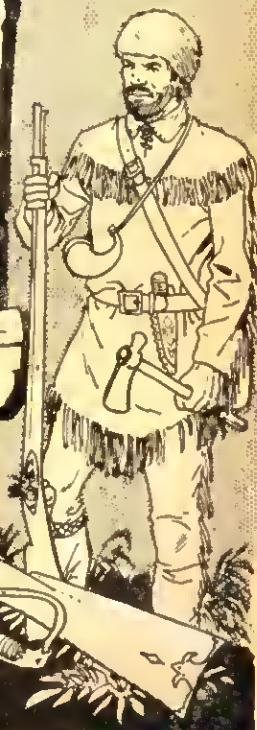
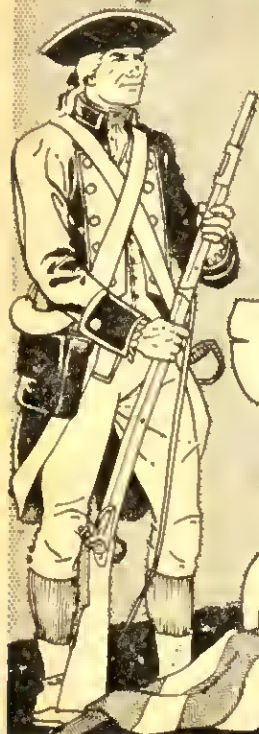


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Frontier Forts

THE SUMMER OF 1776 WAS CRITICAL FOR THE AMERICAN CAUSE. AT NEW YORK, GENERAL HOWE HAD DEFEATED WASHINGTON'S RAGGED ARMY AND NOW PLANNED A PINCERS MOVEMENT UP THE HUDSON VALLEY. IN CANADA, GENERAL CARLETON HAD THOUSANDS OF WELL TRAINED TROOPS POISED FOR A THRUST TO UNITE WITH HOWE'S MEN IN THE SOUTH.

FOUR THOUSAND ILL FED, SMALL-POX RAVAGED SOLDIERS WERE ALL THAT WE HAD TO STOP THE BRITISH ARMIES. LED BY ARNOLD AND SULLIVAN, THEY RESTED AT THE FOOT OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN. DEPRESSED BY THEIR HARRIED FLIGHT FROM CANADA, THEN CONGRESS APPOINTED GENERAL HORATIO GATES TO COMMAND THE ARMY. HE SET THE SICK MEN TO WORK BUILDING A FORTIFICATION AT TICONDEROGA. GRADUALLY, AS THE FORT ROSE, THE MEN RECOVERED THEIR HEALTH AND SPIRITS. CARLETON'S ARMY WAITED TOO LONG. WHILE BENEDICT ARNOLD FASHIONED A NAVY FROM RAW LUMBER, WHEN THEY DID COME, ARNOLD'S MEN FOUGHT THEIR AWKWARD SHIPS WELL AND THE MIGHT OF TICONDEROGA TURNED BACK CARLETON'S CRACK TROOPS. THE FORT BECAME FAMOUS THROUGH ETHAN ALLEN. . . BUT FEW PEOPLE KNOW HOW HORATIO GATES SAVED THE COLONIES THERE!



JERRY DRUMMER

Volume 3, Number 11

JULY, 1957

Published bimonthly by Charlton Comics Group. Executive offices and office of publication, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Second Class mailing privileges authorized at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. Price per copy 10c. Subscription 12 issues \$1.20. Copyright 1957 by Charlton Comics Group. Al Fago, Executive Editor.

(Printed in U.S.A.)

JERRY DRUMMER

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE

CAS
AUTHORITY

THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED PRIOR TO PUBLICATION BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

Alfred P. Fitch Executive Editor

BOY HERO OF
THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

JERRY DRUMMER

in *THE BATTLE*
of
BUNKER HILL



IT WAS ON JUNE 16, 1775, WHEN THE COLONIAL MILITIA TOOK UP THEIR POSITIONS ON BREED'S HILL! BRITISH FRIGATES HELD FIRE, AWAITING GENERAL GAGE'S ORDERS...

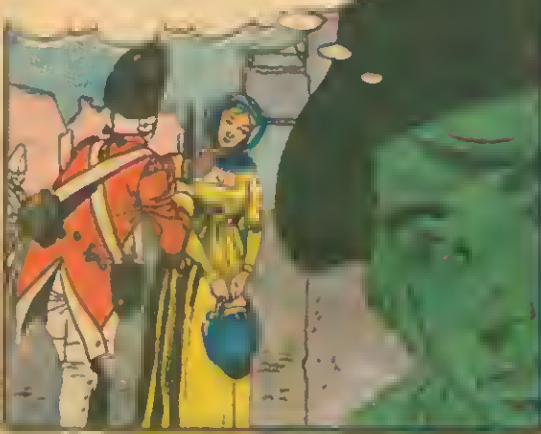


JERRY DRUMMER

MEANWHILE, ON BREED'S HILL...



ALL THE POWDER IN BOSTON HAS BEEN TAKEN BY THE BRITISH! PERHAPS I CAN GET SOME OF IT BACK!



YOUNG JERRY DRUMMER PASSED UNMOLESTED THROUGH THE NARROW STREETS CROWDED WITH TROOPS...



BUT, GENERAL GAGE, TO SEND FULLY EQUIPPED MEN UP THAT HILL WILL BE DISASTROUS!

YOU HEARD MY ORDER, GENERAL HOWE! TOMORROW MORNING, HAVE THE MEN READY WITH BLANKETS AND PROVISIONS FOR A THREE DAY MARCH!



I'LL SHOW THESE REBELS THEY... HERE, BOY!



JERRY DRUMMER

WHAT SORT OF GAND ARE YOU
KIMBING HOW? LETTING
IMBELS TRAVEL FREELY IN
IMBICITY, LETTING THEM
STEAL POWDER!

HE'S HARDLY B.G.
ENOUGH TO BE AN
ENEMY, GENERAL
GAGG!

BUT I
AM ONE,
SIR!

I'M A REAL MINUTE MAN!
AND WE'RE GOING TO LICK
YOU SOBSTERBACKS
AND BE INDEPENDENT!



KEEP HIM UNDER GUARD,
SMALL AS HE IS. HE
HEARD OUR PLANS
AND MIGHT REPORT
IT TO THE WRONG
EARS.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF THE MINUTE MEN WASN'T
KEPT PRISONER LONG. HE WAITED FOR
HIS CHANCE, AND...

THIS IS EASY DUTY,
GUARDING THIS... HE'S
TRYING TO GET AWAY!



COME HERE, YOU
PEST! OOOOF!



JERRY DRUMMER

JERRY DRUMMER MADE HIS WAY CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE STREETS OF CHARLESTOWN. IT WAS IMPORTANT, HE KNEW, TO GET THE NEWS TO COLONEL PRESCOTT...



ON THE MORNING OF THE 17th, THE BRITISH FRIGATE 'LIVELY' OPENED FIRE ON THE MINUTE MEN...



JERRY DRUMMER

THE BRITISH POUNDED THE MEN ON BREED'S HILL ALL MORNING, BUT FEW WERE HURT...



JERRY DRUMMER

LOOK AT 'EM, FINE, TRAINED SOLDIERS, I'M GETTING OUT...

WAIT, MAN, LOOK AT THE LAD THERE, HE'S NOT AFRAID, STAY AN' LET THE LOBSTER-BACKS DO THE RUNNIN'.



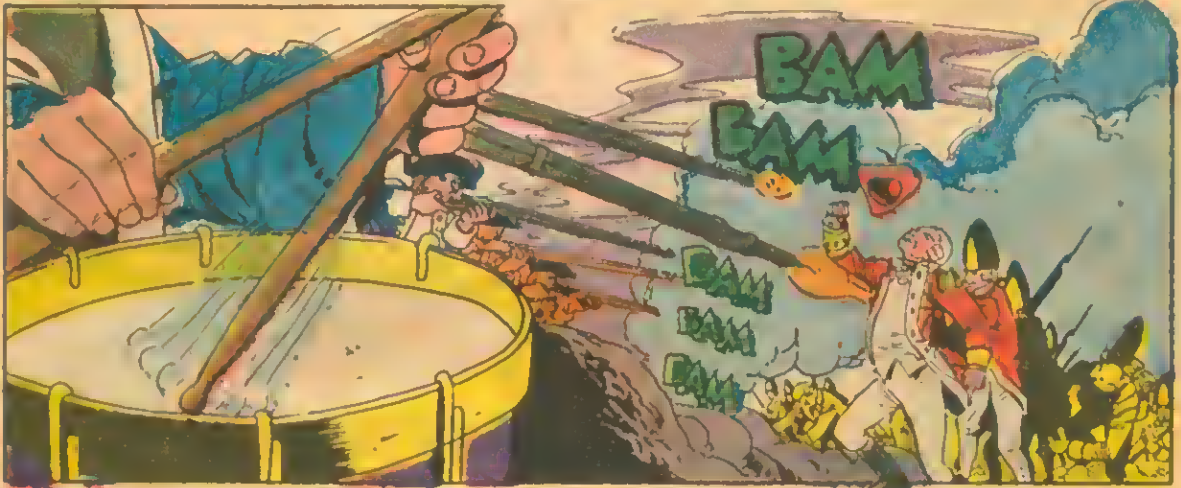
ON THEY CAME, CLOSER AND CLOSER, MARCHING PERFECTLY, AND THE MINUTE MEN WAITED, RIFLES LOADED...

CRIMINES! I CAN SEE THE CREST ON THE R GOLD BUTTONS.

REMEMBER THEM AS THEY LOOK NOW -- IN A MINUTE THEY'LL LOOK DIFFERENT.

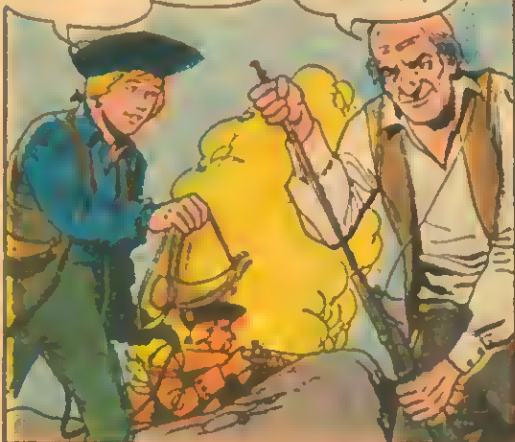


AND THEN THE ORDER WAS GIVEN: "DON'T FIRE TILL YOU SEE THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES." THEY WAITED ... THE SECOND ORDER: "FIRE!"



HERE'S SOME MORE POWDER, I'LL BRING SOME TO THE OTHERS TOO.

WE'LL NEED IT, THEM BRITISHERS ARE COMING AGAIN.



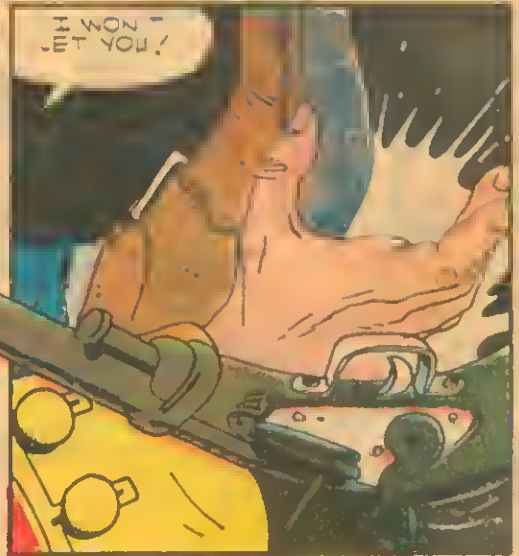
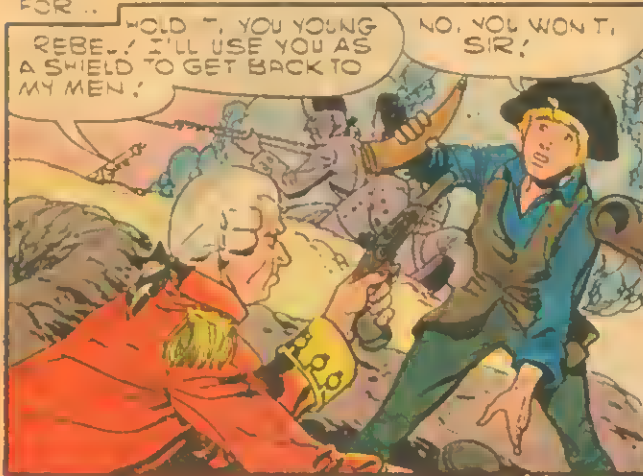
THEY'RE SO BRAVE, DON'T THEY SEE HOW USELESS IT IS?

THEY'RE WELL TRAINED, JERRY, THEY'LL WIN THIS HILL -- BUT THEY'LL LOSE THE BATTLE.

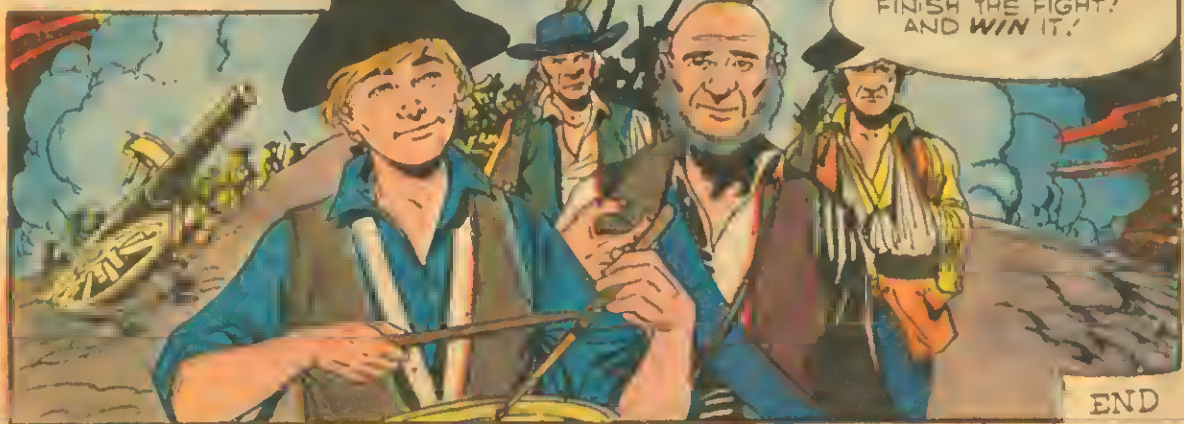


JERRY DRUMMER

YOUNG JERRY WENT OUT AGAIN SEARCHING FOR POWDER FLASKS THAT HAD BEEN DROPPED. HE FOUND MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR...



AFTER THE THIRD ASSAULT, THE AMERICANS FELL BACK FROM BREED'S HILL. THERE WAS NO MORE POWDER OR LEAD. BUT THEY DIDN'T FLEE IN PANIC! THEY LEFT THE FIELD MARCHING PROUDLY... LED BY JERRY DRUMMER...



END

JERRY DRUMMER
BOY HERO OF
THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR
JERRY
DRUMMER

AT
**VALLEY
FORGE**

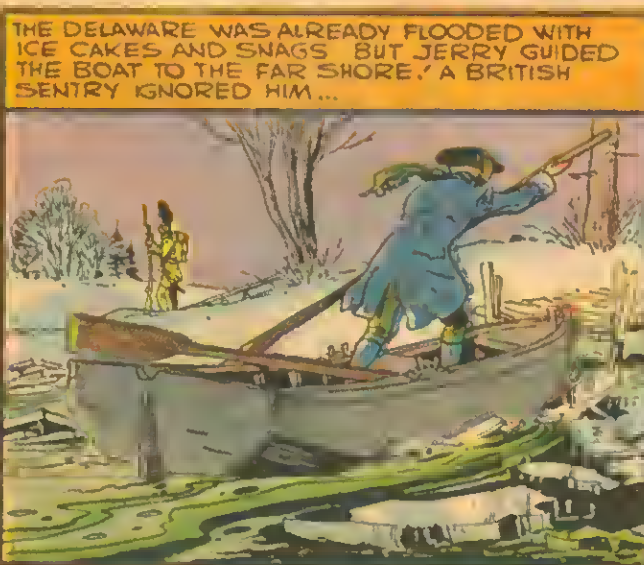
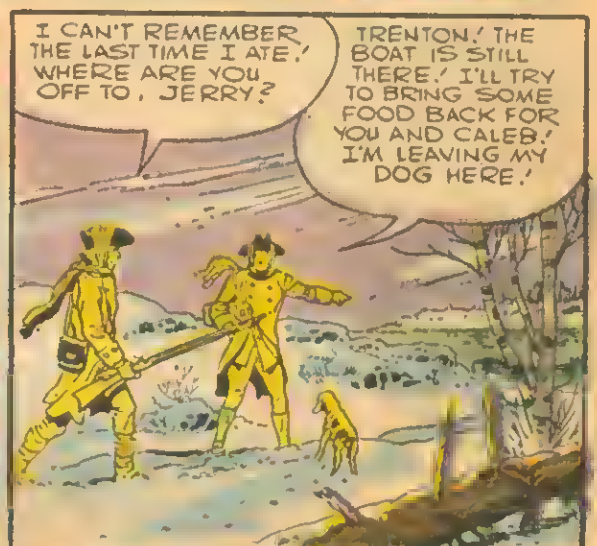
THAT WINTER OF 1775
AT VALLEY FORGE WAS
THE CRISIS! THE POWER-
FUL BRITISH ARMY UNDER
CORNWALLIS HAD PUSHED
WASHINGTON'S RAGGED,
BAREFOOT SOLDIERS
THROUGH NEW JERSEY
AND ACROSS THE DELA-
WARE RIVER. IF WASH-
INGTON COULD NOT STOP
THE BRITISH, PHILADEL-
PHIA WOULD FALL ... AND
THE INFANT NATION
WOULD BE A COLONY
ONCE MORE ...

WHERE ARE THE
OTHERS, JERRY?
I SENT WORD TO
CALEB LEEDS TO
GET A DETAIL
READY.

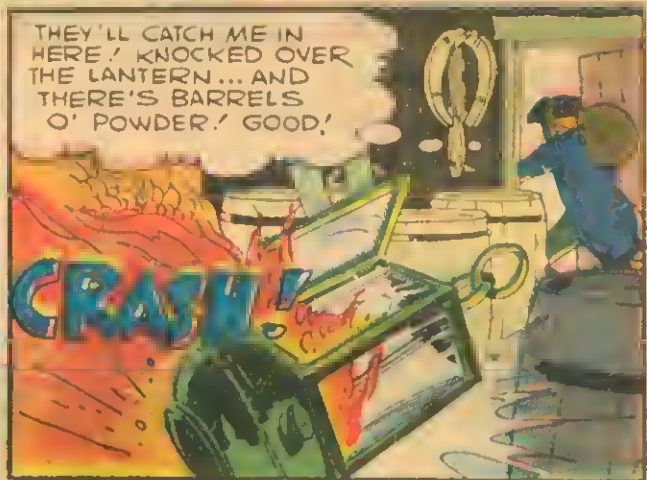
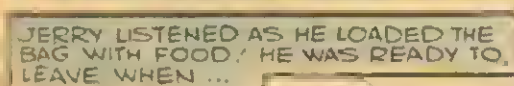
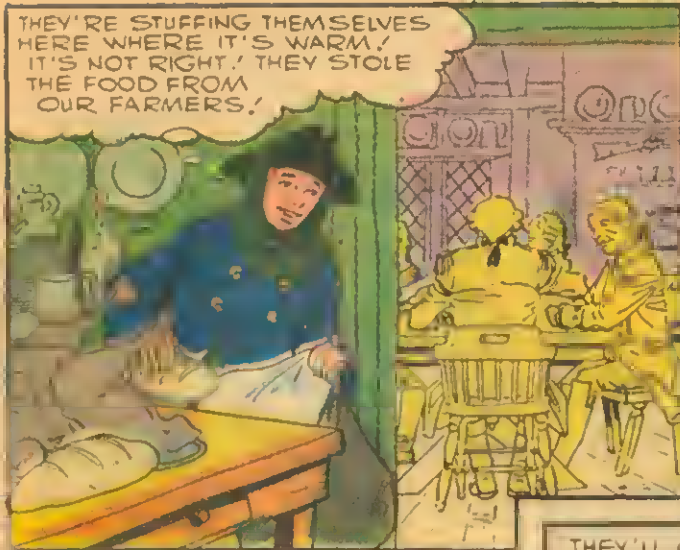
CORPORAL LEEDS IS
SICK, SIR! THE OTHERS
ARE TOO! ME AN' ANDY
HIGH ARE THE ONLY ONES
ABLE, SIR! AND LIBERTY.
MY DOG, HE AIN'T SO
FRISKY EITHER,
GENERAL!



JERRY DRUMMER



JERRY DRUMMER



JERRY DRUMMER

THE YOUNG PATRIOT HAD TO LAY LOW, THE ENTIRE BRITISH ARMY WAS UP IN ARMS...

IT WAS A BOY WHO SET THE BARN AFIRE, LUCKILY, THERE'S MORE POWDER AT THE CAXTON FARM.

AYE, BUT THAT'S TOO NEAR THE RIVER TO SUIT ME.



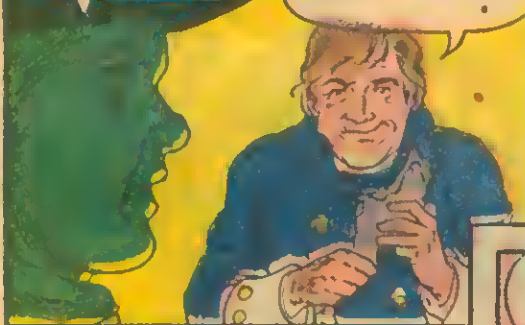
I FOUND THE CAXTON FARM, THERE'S TWO SENTRIES BUT THEY STAY CLOSE TO THE FIRE, MAYBE ANDY WILL HELP...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

I DISTRIBUTED THE FOOD, ANDY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF GOING AFTER THE POWDER? WE CAN FILL OUR BOAT AND THEY WON'T CATCH US.

WE'LL DO IT, BOY, TWO OF US CAN SNEAK UP ON THEM! MORE WOULD CAUSE AN ALARM!



QUIET, ANDY, THE FIRST SENTRY'S JUST UP THE SLOPE.



YOU LITTLE SPY! WE'LL TEACH... UNGH!

WELL DONE, JERRY! HE NEVER KNEW I WAS HERE.

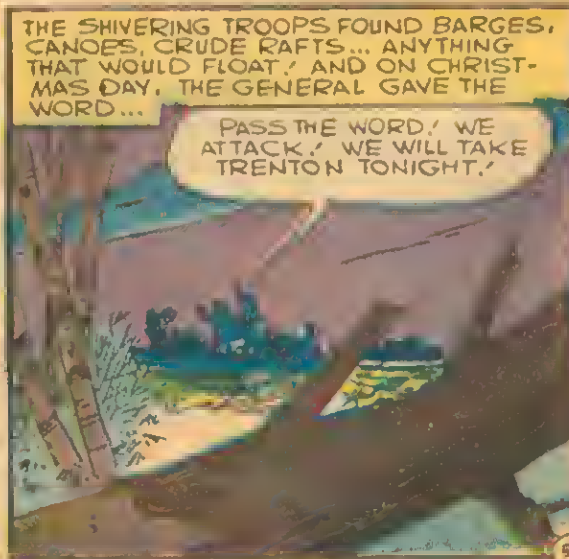
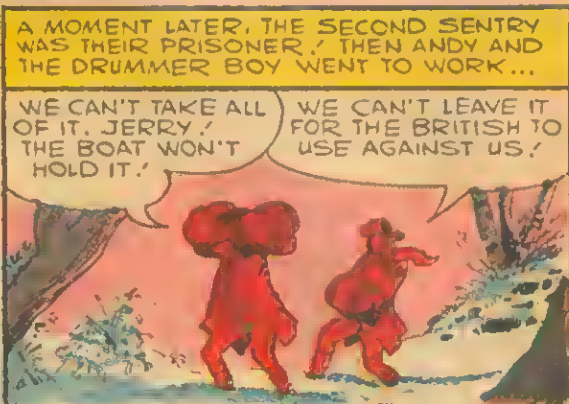


HERE, YOU REBEL! I WARRANT YOU'RE THE RASCAL WHO BLEW UP THE STORE OF POWDER.

AYE, I DID IT.

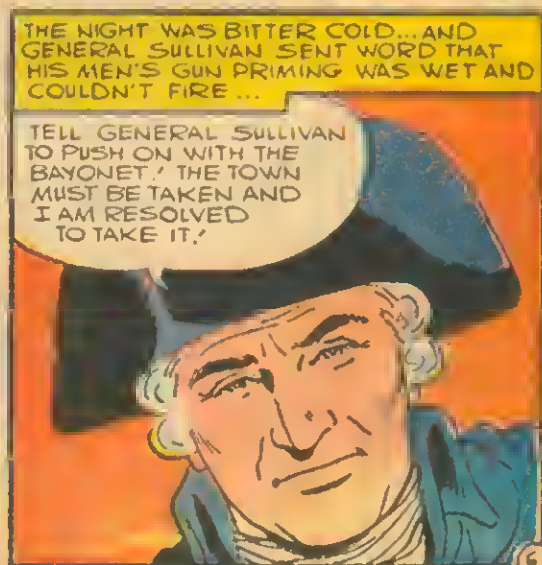
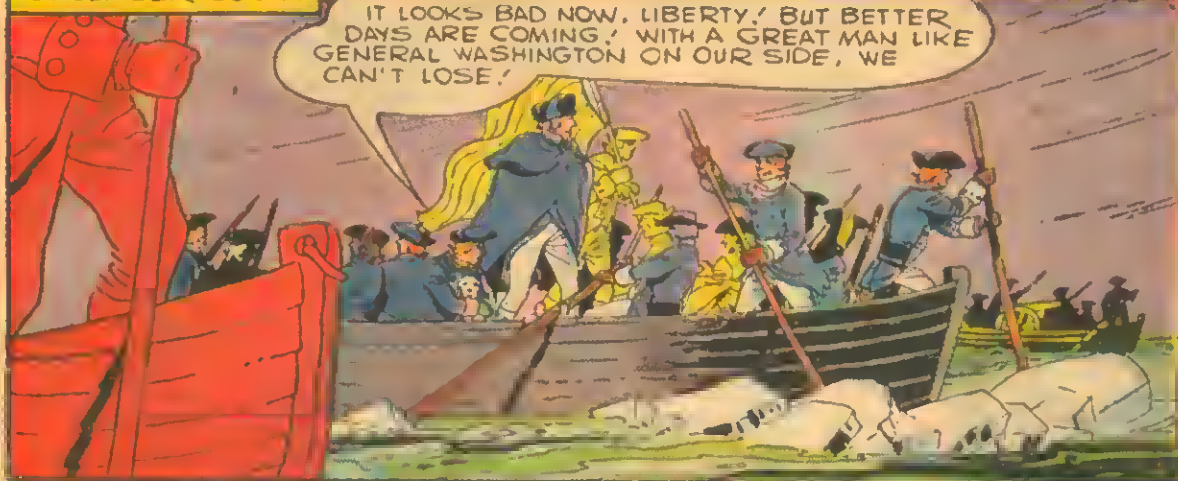


JERRY DRUMMER



JERRY DRUMMER

WASHINGTON'S DIVISION WAS MUSTERED FOR THE CROSSING AT SIX O'CLOCK ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1776. THE ATTACK WAS TO TAKE PLACE ON THE MORNING OF DECEMBER 26 TH...



JERRY DRUMMER

THE BRITISH SENTRIES WERE DRIVEN BACK. IN TRENTON, COLONEL RALL, IN COMMAND OF THE HESSIAN MERCENARIES TRIED TO RALLY HIS MEN...

MY COMPLIMENTS TO COLONEL VON DONOLOP. ASK HIM TO SEND REINFORCEMENTS AT ONCE!

YES, COLONEL RALL!



GET OUT OF HERE, YOU LITTLE REBEL...

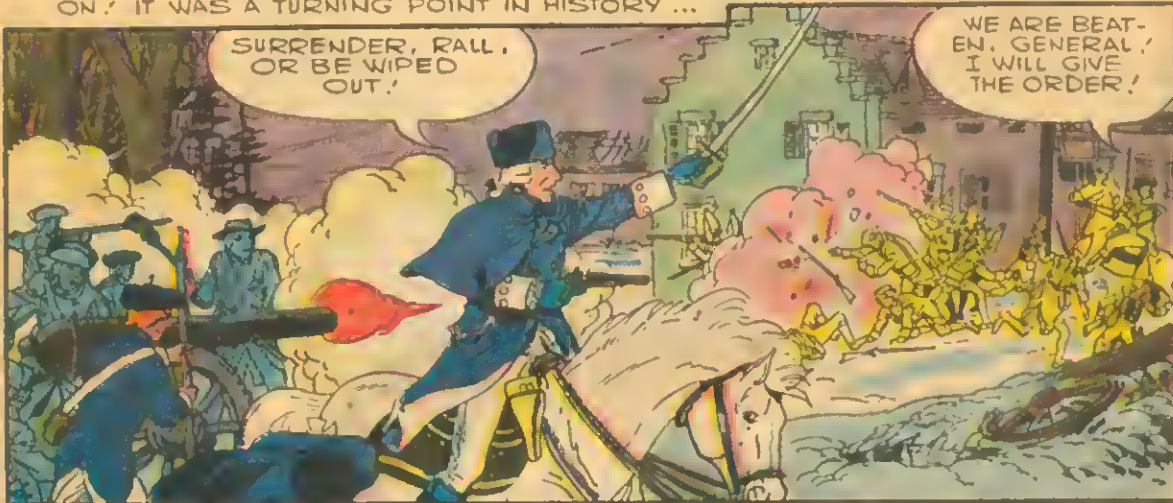
REBEL I AM, SIR, BUT BIG ENOUGH TO TRIP YOU. QUICK, ANDY!



THE HESSIANS FOUGHT DESPERATELY... BUT GENERAL WASHINGTON'S MEN PUSHED ON. IT WAS A TURNING POINT IN HISTORY...

SURRENDER, RALL, OR BE WIPED OUT!

WE ARE BEATEN, GENERAL! I WILL GIVE THE ORDER!



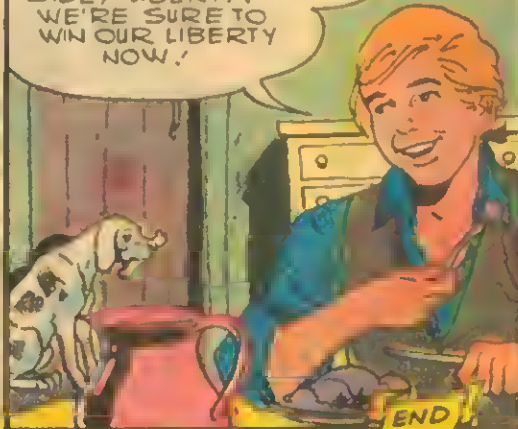
I WAS DEFEATED BY STARVED MEN AND BOYS. YOUR STRATEGY WAS BRILLIANT, GENERAL.

MY STARVED MEN AND BOYS FOUGHT FOR THEIR COUNTRY, THEIR HOMES, COLONEL! YOUR MEN FOUGHT FOR PAY AND IT WAS NOT ENOUGH!



LATER, WARM AND DRY...

I TOLD YOU WE COULDN'T LOSE WITH GENERAL WASHINGTON ON OUR SIDE, LIBERTY! WE'RE SURE TO WIN OUR LIBERTY NOW!



END

THE FIRST SUBMARINE



"Look at them," the thin, shivering sentry grumbled, pointing to the British men-of-war riding at anchor near the Jersey shore. "Anchored in New York harbor for a year now with nary a challenge from us!"

The lanky sergeant he spoke to nodded gravely. "Aye, the British have us bottled up on the seas. If we could only fight back just once! Mr. Bushnell's craft might do the job. I've been working with him, learning to operate it."

The speaker was Sergeant Ezra Lee of the Continental Army. The scene was the Jersey bank of the Hudson at the foot of the majestic Palisades. And the year was 1776. The British, under General Howe, occupied the city, and the fleet crowded the roomy harbor. American morale was low and Washington's Army was fighting skirmishes, trying to build up its strength.

No one believed in David Bushnell's weird craft when he brought it to New York. American officers laughed without humor when they saw it. Shaped like an oyster standing on end, it was like nothing ever seen before. But David Bushnell knew it would work. His brother was trained in its operation.

A small ship farther up the Hudson was used as the mother ship. From here Bushnell and his brother made the final adjustments before it was used against the enemy for the first time. And it was on this ship that Bushnell's brother became ill, too ill to operate Bushnell's submersible.

Sgt. Lee had been underfoot during the time Bushnell worked on the submarine, as Bushnell called it. He volunteered at once.

"I've got a pretty good notion how it works, Mr. Bushnell," he said, "and you can teach me the rest of it pretty quick! Let me give it a try!"

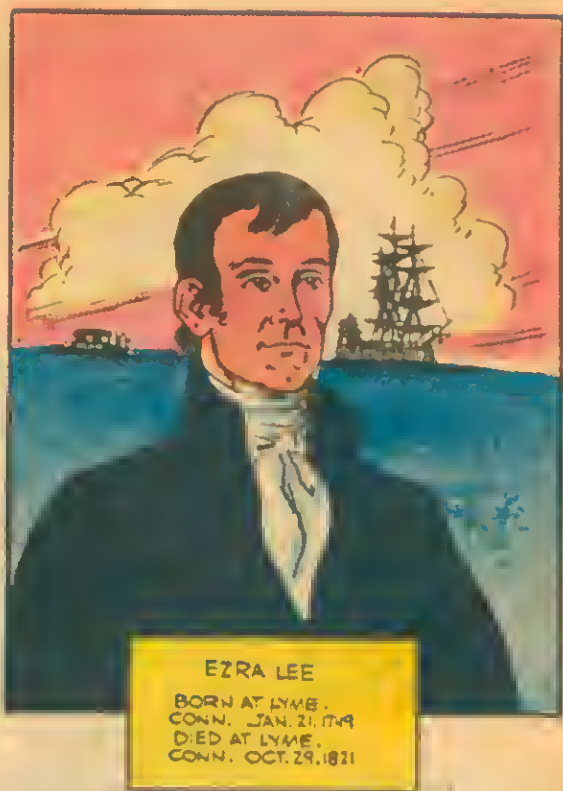


BUSHNELL'S TURTLE - 1777

Bushnell had no choice. Once more he explained how it worked. "The hull is made of reinforced timbers running from top to bottom. Once under water you have no lights so you'll have to know how to operate by feel alone! You'll have a compass painted with sulphurous paint that shines in the dark.

"There's enough air to keep you alive for thirty minutes. At the end of that time you can surface and renew the air, then submerge for another thirty minutes. Now, get in and we'll see if you can operate it in the water."

Ezra Lee didn't feel as brave when he'd climbed down into the Turtle, as Bushnell's craft was called.



EZRA LEE

BORN AT LYME,
CONN. JAN. 21, 1749
DIED AT LYME,
CONN. OCT. 29, 1821

He had no room to turn around and it smelled of tar and oakum from the caulking between the beams. He located the foot pedals that turned the "oars constructed on the order of a wood screw", the first ever used on marine craft. Bushnell's use of the marine screw preceded by thirty years the recognized invention. Then, pedaling hard, Ezra Lee drew away from the mother ship. The Turtle was moving under her own power. Bushnell hovered in a boat close by, shouting directions.

"The vertical screw will cause you to rise or descend in the water. There are two brass forcing pumps in the bilges to make the Turtle buoyant enough to float or heavy to sink. Close the hatch, and descend!"

Ezra Lee, dripping with perspiration, closed the hatch. He was alone in the weird craft and he didn't know if he was below the surface or not as he followed instructions. He let water into the ballast tank on the bottom, then began turning the handle of the vertically mounted screw that would take him to the bottom. He did know that the Hudson was about twenty-five feet deep at that point.

On the surface, David Bushnell watched Lee's arm swing the hatch shut. Then the Turtle drifted a moment. Then it seemed to be sinking. It was sinking! The waters rose slowly until only the top of the crude screw propeller was seen. Then that began to turn and it too disappeared beneath the surface.

Anxious seamen and soldiers watched as five minutes went by, then ten. David Bushnell was more anxious than they as they watched the spot where they expected it to surface. Then they heard a shout and turned. Ezra Lee had navigated the submarine a quarter of a mile the first time!

Bushnell made a line fast and towed the boat to the mother ship. Ezra Lee had a lot of questions to ask.

"How can I tell when to come up?"

"Make one constant speed, say two knots, follow your illuminated compass, and when you surface, be prepared to go down again at once!"

Lee nodded. "What about attaching the explosive to the ships? How will I do that? I can't get at the ship hull with my bare hands or I'll drown!"

"The screw on top," Bushnell explained, "is designed to drive through solid oak! After it penetrates the ship's beams, it can be detached. The explosive, wrapped to keep out water, will be attached to the wood screw and have a timing mechanism on it! Drive the screw into the wood, release the explosive, and get away! It will work, Sergeant, I know it will!"

Sgt. Lee practiced hour after hour, getting to know Bushnell's *Turtle* perfectly. Then, he and Bushnell went down river and selected a target. Bushnell wanted to sink the biggest merchantman he could see. Sgt. Lee disagreed.

"We can't do the British any crippling harm," Lee argued, "but we can cause the *Turtle* to curtail their movement, anchor closer to Manhattan Island! If we sink a merchant ship, the Naval officers won't be too worried."

Bushnell listened, approving. "But if we sink a ship like the *Eagle* out there," Lee went on, pointing to a majestic 64 gun man-of-war, "the Navy will begin to worry! They might even send some of their ships back to England where they'll be safer!"

Bushnell was agreed. The pair made their way back to the mother ship and preparations were made. The torpedo, a package of ordinary black powder, was made up and rigged aboard the *Turtle*. Lee put two canteens of water in the craft and took some sandwiches. And the captain of the mother ship was persuaded to move his ship down perilously close to the bigger British vessels.

"This is as close as I go," the captain said nervously. It was dark but the tall masts of the British ships were seen against the stars. "Get that contraption moving so I can sail back up-river!"

Sgt. Lee was astonished. He had expected the ship to wait to retrieve him after his attempt. Then he shrugged and turned to Bushnell. "Shall I do it, Mr. Bushnell? It's your decision to make!"

Bushnell nodded and signaled to the seamen to lower the *Turtle* into the water, using block and tackle. "I made her for this, Leel Go, and good luck to you!"

Lee, using a hooded lantern, made last minute checks. Then he slid into the solid blackness of the *Turtle* and they pushed him away from the ship. The first voyage of a submarine against an enemy was about to begin!



The *Eagle* was several hundred yards downstream. Lee covered half that distance on the surface, pedaling slowly, keeping an eye out for the longboat and the Marine sentries the *Eagle* posted every night to prevent a surprise attack.

Then, figuring wind and current, Sgt. Lee closed the hatch and pumped water into the lower ballast tank, using the foot pumps. He hoped he was submerged as he manipulated the screws that would draw him below the *Eagle*! And he was for as he drifted downstream he heard through the water the slap of waves on a boat and the creaking of oarlocks. The *Eagle* patrol boat was passing a few feet over his head.

A half hour passed. At last he figured he was beneath the great man-of-war and he pumped the water from the bilge tank. He had no idea of his whereabouts as he felt the *Turtle* bob gently to the surface. He opened the hatch carefully and was startled for a moment at the blackness. Then he realized that he was close to the rudder of the *Eagle*, in the shadow of the looming stern.

"That air smells wonderful," Lee thought, breathing deeply. He reached out and grabbed a rudder cable, thinking what to do next. He was about to attach the charge by hand when he heard the squeak of oars. The patrol boat was just passing the stern.



IT'S JUST ABOUT DUE TO GO UP, MISTER BUSHNELL! LISTEN!

That decided the submariner. He marked the line he'd have to follow, then closed the hatch and submerged again. He felt the top scrape on the timbers of the *Eagle* as he went forward about twenty feet. According to his own figuring, the after magazine of the warship should be directly overhead.

He was working by feel as he forced the water out of the tanks once more and felt the bouyancy press him against the timbers of the ship. Then, still by feel, he began turning the huge screw designed to penetrate the timbers of the ship. But as he turned he could hear a scratching sound and he could feel that the screw was against metal.

He stopped and moved, then tried again. And Ezra Lee realized that he would fail. The *Eagle* was sheathed in copper to protect the hull against ice and rot.

Sgt. Lee kept working until all the oxygen in his meager air supply was almost gone. He was weak and nearly fainting when he finally escaped from beneath the huge hull. He surfaced a hundred yards south of the *Eagle*, close to the shore of Governor's Island.

"No perfume ever mixed smelled this good," he whispered to himself as the cool, life-giving air filled his lungs. "I almost stayed too long! I can't remain here, though! The patrol boat will be coming and the sun is almost up!"

It was true. To the East, the first pink light of dawn was seen, and the ships could be seen clearly, looming out of the mist. And then Sgt. Lee saw the longboat carrying the Marine guards approaching.

Lee tried to pedal his craft on the surface but he was far too slow. He heard a shout, then a shot. A second later another shot rang out and a musket ball ricocheted off the hull. Lee had to submerge.

He banged the hatch shut and began to submerge, then remembered the powder charge fastened to the top of the *Turtle*. Should he release it? If he did, it could be easily replaced. If he didn't, a stray shot might blow up the *Turtle* and Sgt. Lee with it!

Lee found the release for the powder charge in the dark. He jerked hard, then felt or sensed the powder's release. It would float, he knew. And he knew the timing mechanism was automatically operating. In one hour it would explode!

Sgt. Lee worked like a machine, getting the *Turtle* upriver to the mother ship. The sun was up when the ship sighted him and came for him, despite the British men-of-war. Bushnell himself helped him over the rail.

"The powder! What happened to it?"

Lee laughed weakly and faced downriver. "It's just about due to go up, Mr. Bushnell! Listen!" There was silence on the deck. Downriver, the powder had been carried close to the *Eagle* again. Suddenly, without warning to the unsuspecting crew, the charge exploded, causing panic throughout the fleet. Captains hoisted anchors, sails were unfurled. Bushnell's *Turtle* hadn't sunk a ship but the wild stories circulated and American morale went up. And the British never slept easy in New York harbor again. For no one knew when the silent destroyer of the deep might strike again! The first submarine — David Bushnell's *Turtle* — was a success!

— THE END —

JERRY DRUMMER

JERRY DRUMMER

in

FRIENDLY ENEMY

A PRISONER IS TRYING TO ESCAPE! BUT I'LL... UNGH!

HURRY, SIR! ME AND LIBERTY WILL HANDLE THE LOBSTERBACK!

IN THE SPRING OF 1777, GENERAL HOWE SMASHED SOUTH TO PHILADELPHIA, MAKING HIS HEADQUARTERS THERE! AND JERRY DRUMMER, TENDING A WOUNDED COMRADE, FOUND HIMSELF UNDER BRITISH RULE ONCE MORE! BUT THE YOUNG PATRIOT KEPT HIMSELF BUSY TORMENTING THE BRITISH SENTRIES...

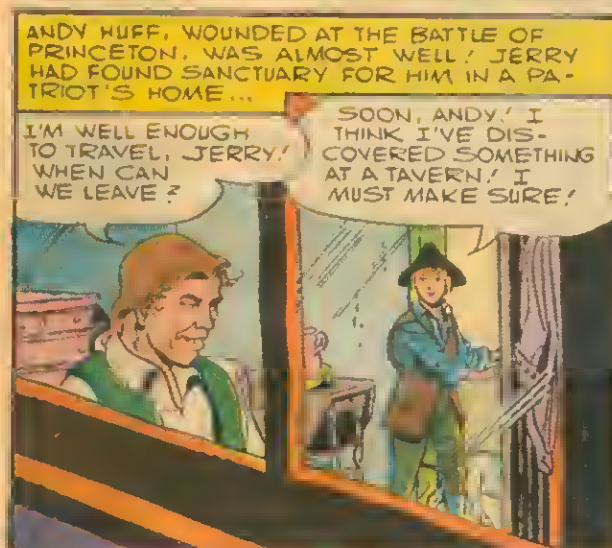
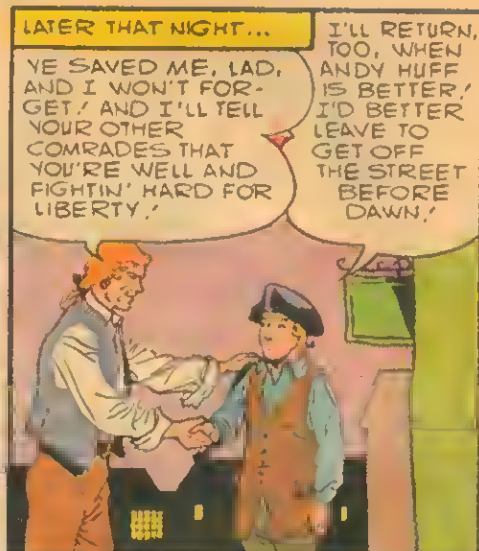
BLESS YOU, LAD!

51881

ATTACK A KING'S SOLDIER, WILL YOU? I'LL TEACH YOU, YOU TREASONOUS WHELP!

TEACH ME IF YOU CAN, 'LOBSTER-BACK.'

JERRY DRUMMER



JERRY DRUMMER

HERE, YOU LITTLE TRAITOR! YOU WERE EAVESDROPPING, WEREN'T YOU?

WHAT COULD I LEARN FROM TWO LIKE YOU IN A TAVERN? LET ME GO!



THE MONGREL IS A TRAITOR TOO, IS HE? I'LL CHASTISE HIM!

GRRRR!



THE SURLY BRITISH OFFICER WAS ABOUT TO KICK JERRY'S DOG WHEN HELP CAME UNEXPECTEDLY...

HOLD IT, MAJOR! LET THE BOY AND THE DOG ALONE!

WHAT? REMEMBER MY RANK, CAPTAIN FISKE!



YOU'RE A REBEL AT HEART, AREN'T YOU, CAPTAIN?

SINCE YOU ACCUSE ME OF TREASON AND WILL HAVE ME ARRESTED ANYWAY, MAJOR...



...I MAY AS WELL DO SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO DO FOR MONTHS!

I'LL FIX THE SCOUNDREL, MAJOR!

NO, YOU WON'T!



JERRY DRUMMER



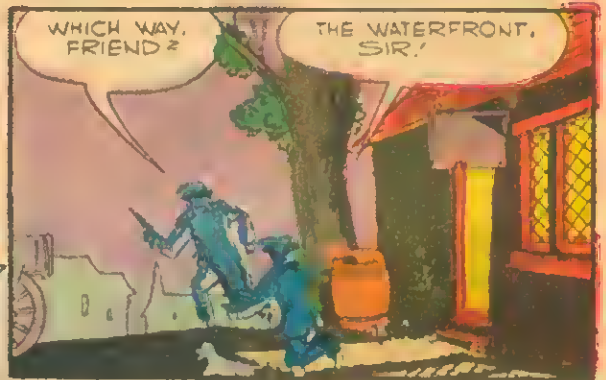
THE MUSKET WAS ALMOST AS BIG AS THE DRUMMER BOY... BUT HE SWUNG IT TO HIS SHOULDER, TOOK AIM AND...

WELL DONE, LAD! I'LL TAKE THE PISTOL, LOBSTERBACK!



WHICH WAY, FRIEND?

THE WATERFRONT, SIR!



THE OFFICER WAS WRONG! I'M NOT A TRAITOR TO MY COUNTRY! I'M JAMES FISKE, OF VIRGINIA-- ONE OF THE SONS OF LIBERTY!

I KEW IT, CAPTAIN! DO YOU WANT TO GET BACK TO OUR LINES?



NOT EMPTY HANDED, JERRY! SEE THAT SLOOP? IT'S LOADED WITH POWDER AND FOOD THAT GENERAL WASHINGTON NEEDS! THAT GOES WITH ME -- BUT I NEED A CREW!

I CAN GET SOME MEN, SIR!

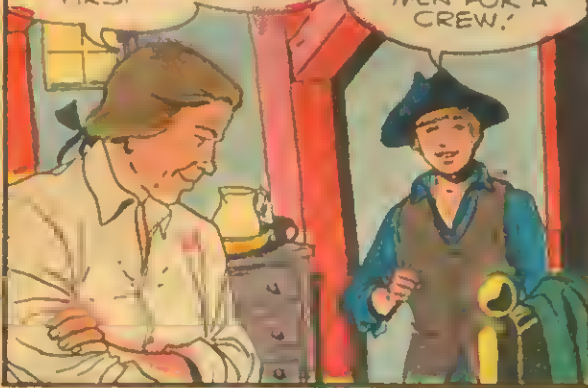


JERRY DRUMMER

CAPTAIN FISKE HAD A FEW DETAILS TO SEE TO... AND JERRY LEFT, PROMISING HIM A CREW, WITHIN TWO HOURS...

AYE, I'M READY, JERRY! WHERE IS FISKE? WHAT DO I DO FIRST?

COME WITH ME TO THE PRISON, WE NEED MORE MEN FOR A CREW.



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...



TELL THEM NOT TO FORGET TO SWING THAT CLOSED SO THE BRITISH WON'T SEE IT! HOW MANY MORE ARE COMING?

ONLY FIVE OTHERS ARE ABLE TO TRAVEL.



COME ON, ANDY! NEVER MIND ABOUT FIGHTING NOW.

I HAVE TIME FOR ONE ANYHOW, LAD!



CAPTAIN FISKE WAS WAITING! TO THEIR AMAZEMENT, HE TREATED THEM AS A WORK DETAIL, UNDER THE STARE OF BRITISH TROOP...

GET INTO THE BOAT, TRAITOR! THIS WORKING PARTY WILL SWEAT OR I'LL KNOW WHY! MOVE, YOU CLOD!

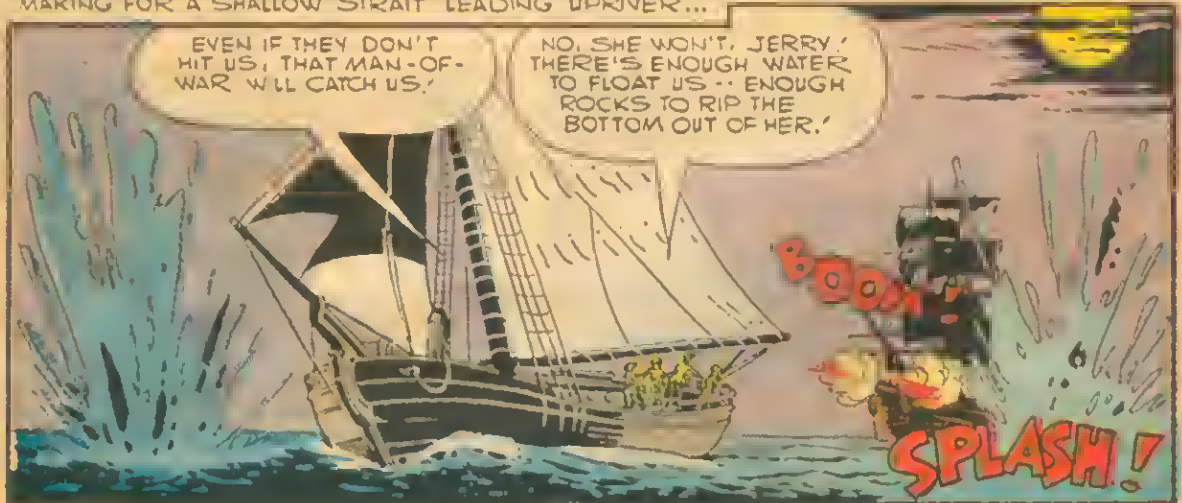
WELL SAID, CAPTAIN! THAT'S THE WAY TO TREAT THEM! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT THEY WERE ESCAPEES



JERRY DRUMMER



THE MAN-OF-WAR IN THE HARBOR OPENED FIRE! BUT THE TINY SLOOP SAILED ON, MAKING FOR A SHALLOW STRAIT LEADING UPRIVER...



THE HELMSMAN WAS RIGHT -- AND A HALF HOUR LATER, THE SLOOP SAILED PEACEFULLY PAST GENERAL'S WASHINGTON'S LINES...



LATER, AFTER CAPTAIN FISKE IDENTIFIED HIMSELF TO A VIRGINIAN, THE FUGITIVES CELEBRATED...



JERRY DRUMMER

LIGHTNIN' STRIKES TWICE

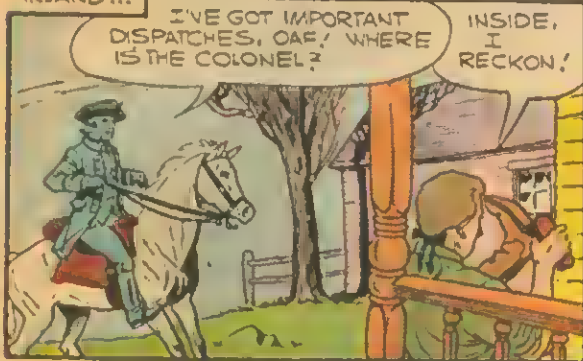
WAIT! HE'S THE ONLY PRISONER WE HAVE! I'LL TAKE HIM TO THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS! HE CAN SHINE OUR BOOTS!

JUST TELL THIS FELLER TO SETTLE DOWN! I SHINE BOOTS REAL GOOD!

IN THE STREET FIGHTING IN BOSTON, ALL BUT ONE REBEL GOT AWAY! HE WAS TOO SLOW TO RUN AND WAS CAPTURED.



JONAS BLAKE, DUBBED LIGHTNIN' BY THE BRITISH, BECAME A FIXTURE IN THE OFFICERS' BARRACKS! HE WAS KEPT WHEN THEY MOVED INLAND...



I'VE GOT IMPORTANT DISPATCHES, OAF! WHERE IS THE COLONEL?

INSIDE, I RECKON!



5914

ONE SIDE, ADDLEPATE! THE REBELS ARE SWEEPING DOWN THE VALLEY! I MUST WARN THEM!



JONAS BLAKE HAD HEARD THE GUNS FOR HOURS! HE KNEW THE BRITISH MUST RETREAT IN A HURRY! HE BEGAN GETTING READY...



I CAN'T FIND ANY BOOTS! THE OTHERS CAN'T EITHER! RUN--FETCH THEM QUICKLY!

THE REBELS ARE DOWN THE ROAD AND MY CLOTHES ARE GONE! GET THEM OR I'LL SKIN YOU!



JERRY DRUMMER

LIGHTNIN' HAD BEEN THE BUTT OF THEIR JOKES FOR SO LONG THAT THEY NEVER WATCHED HIM! NOW, WITH THE ENEMY AT THE DOOR, HE WAS ALL-IMPORTANT...

BUT YOUR THREATS DON'T FRIGHTEN ME COLONEL! YOUR GUNS ARE LOADED WITH PAPER, YOUR HORSES CHASED FROM THE BARN!

I COMMAND NOW!

BAM

HE SABOTAGED US ALL! GET OUR BOOTS AND UNIFORMS OR I'LL SHOOT YOU LIKE A DOG!

YOU'VE TREATED ME LIKE ONE, COLONEL!

COME ON, ALL OF YOU! HERE'S OLD LIGHTNIN' WAITIN' TO BE CUFFED! WHERE ARE YOU NOW, YOU BULLYING LOBSTERBACKS?

ONLY ONE MAN I KNOW CAN HIT THEM THAT HARD! JONAS BLAKE -- ARE YOU IN THERE?

GO ON, COLONEL! TELL 'EM WHOSE PRISONER YOU ARE!

LIGHTNIN'S PRISONER! I MEAN LIGHTNIN', SIR! BEG PARDON, LIGHTNIN', SIR!

I LET THEM THINK I WAS DAFT UNTIL TODAY! WHEN I HEARD THE GUNS COME CLOSER, I HID THEIR CLOTHES AND NAILED THEIR BOOTS TO THE FLOOR! I'VE GOT THE WHOLE BUNCH OF 'EM LOCKED INSIDE!

JERRY DRUMMER

A LITTLE TREASON

"I'M SURE OF SAYING AT
AFTER O'FIVE 'TIL VAG NA
PORT!" HE HEARD THE
VESSEL, COASTED THE PORT
AND HE RIVER, CLAD THE
ABOVE, HE HAD THE
AMERICAN ASKED THE
CREW... HE ASKED THE
LESS, AND, AND CAN BE
HEAD, AND CAN BE
HE, HE, HE, HE, HE, HE
O'FIVE 'TIL VAG NA
PORT!"

BLAST YOU, LYNCH. YOU'RE LYIN!
YOU KNOW WHERE THE REBB'S
AND WHERE THE POWDER IS
HIDDEN, ALL. ARE YE
CAPT. BOY?

HE SAID THE TRUTH.
CAPTAIN, WOULD YE
BEAT THE MAN WITH
THIS WIFE STANDING?
"HERE, YE MONSIEUR?"



YOU IRISH JACKALAPES! I'LL LASH
SOME SENSE INTO YOU OR WEAR
OUT BOTH ARMS TRYIN'!

INDADE,
SIR? YE
MUST
CATCH ME
FIRST!



SEE HOW YOU LIKE
THIS... CAPTAIN
KNUCKLEHEAD!

HIT HIM AGAIN,
LAD! STRIKE A
BLOW FOR
FREEDOM!



JERRY DRUMMER

IT WAS FUNNY AT THE MOMENT... BUT IT WAS MUTINY AND ALL KNEW THE PENALTY FOR THAT! BRITISH MARINES CAME AT A RUN...

SEIZE HIM! AND FIRE AT THE REBELS IF THEY INTERFERE!

RUN, LAD! YOU'LL SWING FROM A YARDARM IF THEY CATCH YOU!

AYE BUT RUN WHERE? IT'S FAR SURROUNDED I AM!



THERE HE GOES! WE'LL GET HIM NOW!



IN HERE, QUICK!



THEY'LL SEARCH THE BUILDING! WE'RE TRAPPED!

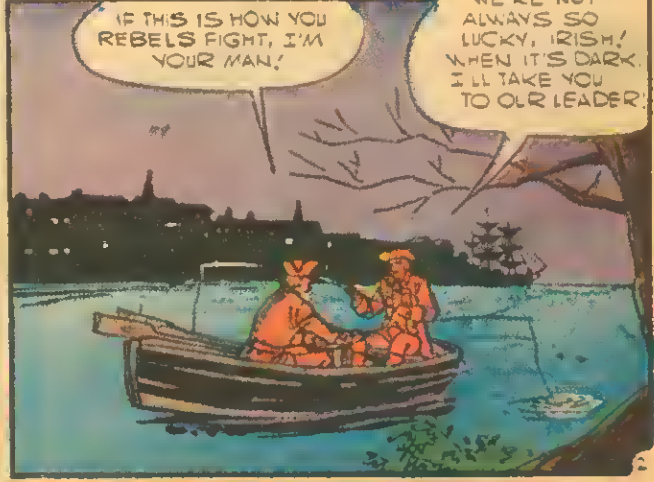
QUIET AND GET DOWN THE STAIRS! THERE'S A BOAT DOWN HERE!



THE BRITISH MARINES TORE THE BUILDING APART LOOKING FOR THE YOUNG IRISH MUTINEER! AND HE LAUGHED AT THEM ACROSS THE RIVER...

IF THIS IS HOW YOU REBELS FIGHT, I'M YOUR MAN!

WE'RE NOT ALWAYS SO LUCKY, IRISH! WHEN IT'S DARK I'LL TAKE YOU TO OUR LEADER!



JERRY DRUMMER

LATER, AT A FARM CORNER...

... SO I HIT AND RAN, SR? I DON'T JOIN THE CONDEMNED NAVY! THEY PRESSED ME INTO THE SERVICE! I'M IRISH, NOT ENGLISH!

WELL SAID, PAT. BUT YOU'RE AMERICAN NOW!



NOW, PAT, YOU HEARD NELBY PLANNING TO SHELLE THE TOWN IF HE DOESN'T CATCH THE REBELS! WHERE WILL HE ANCHOR?

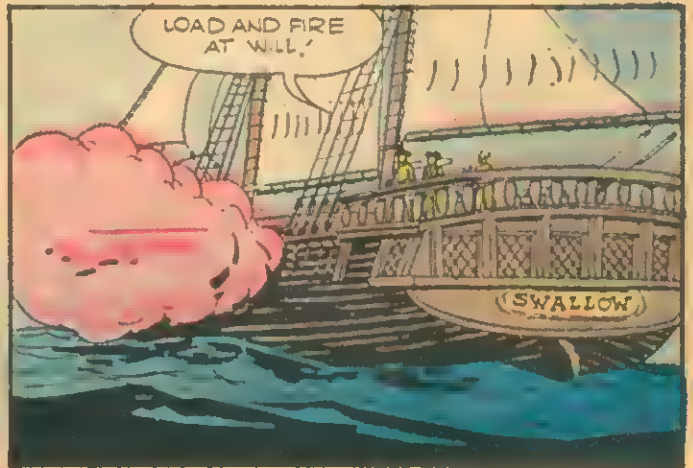
HERE NEAR ROCKY POINT! THE MARINES WILL LAND ABOVE THE TOWN TO CUT OFF HELP!



WE'LL SURPRISE THEM, PAT! YOU'LL BE WITH THE PARTY WE SEND OUT TO THE SWALLOW! YOU KNOW WHERE THE POWDER MAGAZINE LIES!



THE NEXT MORNING, THE CITIZENS SAW THE BRITISH ARMED SCHOONER, SWALLOW, WITH GUNS RUN OUT! THEY KNEW WHAT WAS COMING...



LOAD AND FIRE AT WILL!

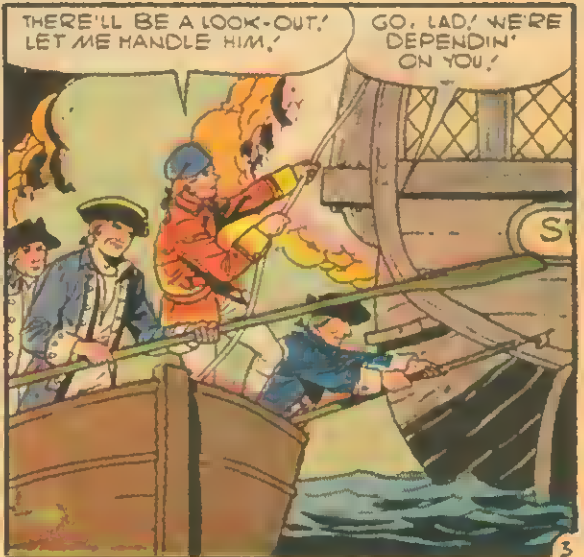
MEANWHILE, JUST INSIDE ROCKY POINT...

SHE LIES AHEAD! STOP ROWING -- WE'LL DRIFT DOWN TO HER!



THERE'LL BE A LOOK-OUT! LET ME HANDLE HIM!

GO, LAD! WE'RE DEPENDIN' ON YOU!



JERRY DRUMMER



HE HEARD ME BUT HE'S NOT SURE! WE'RE ALL COOKED IF...



AHA! IT'S YOU! I'LL GET A DOUBLE GROG FOR THIS!

YOU'VE HAD TOO MUCH A-READY!



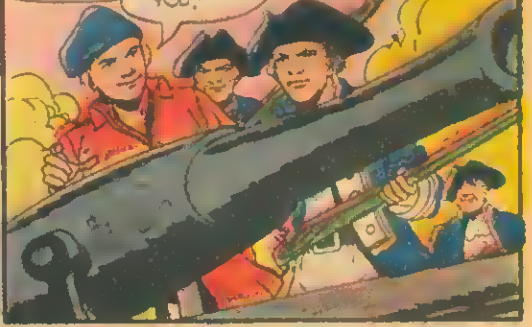
YOU'LL FEEL BETTER FOR A SWIM! OVER YE GO!

HEELLIP!

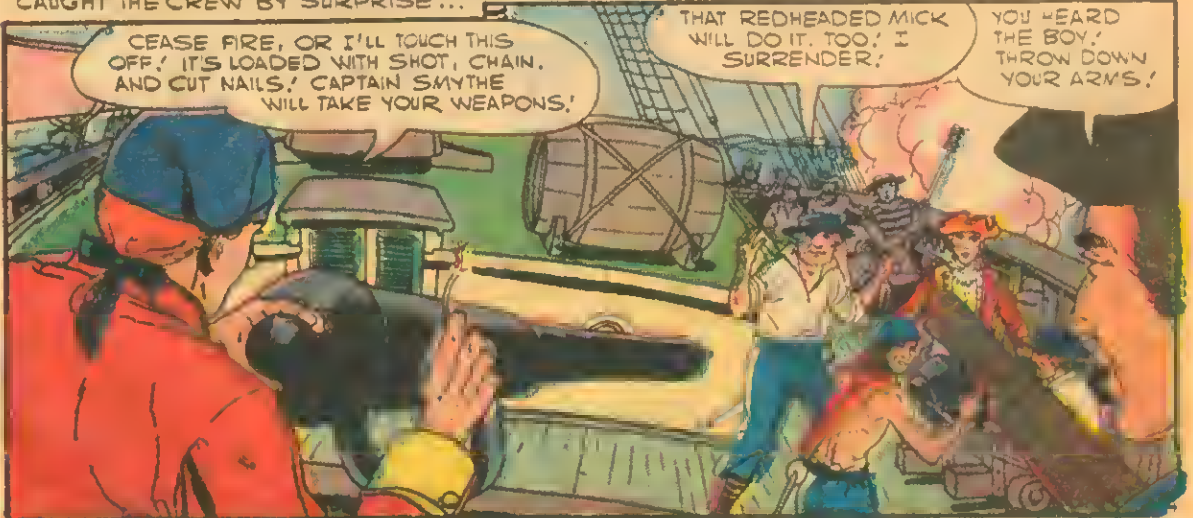
THE OTHERS QUICKLY SWARMED UP ON DECK! THE ROAR OF THE THUNDERING CANNON COVERED THE NOISE THEY MADE...

IF WE CAN TRAIN THE SWIVEL GUN ON THE OTHERS, THEY'LL BE HELPLESS! THE BIG GUNS CAN'T SWING AROUND LIKE IT! I'LL SHOW YOU!

LEAD ON, PAT! WE'LL FOLLOW!



IT TOOK ONLY A MOMENT FOR PAT'S PRACTISED HAND TO LOAD AND TRAIN THE GUN! HIS SHOUT CAUGHT THE CREW BY SURPRISE...



CEASE FIRE, OR I'LL TOUCH THIS OFF! IT'S LOADED WITH SHOT, CHAIN, AND CUT NAILS! CAPTAIN SMYTHE WILL TAKE YOUR WEAPONS!

THAT REDHEADED MICK WILL DO IT, TOO! I SURRENDER!

YOU HEARD THE BOY! THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS!

JERRY DRUMMER

HE'S BLUFFIN'! RUSH 'EM!
I REFUSE TO GIVE
UP MY SHIP
LIKE THIS.

YOU DIDN'T GIVE
IT UP-- WE'RE
TAKIN' IT!



I GIVE UP! BUT I MUST
TAKE MY LOG BOOK
AND RECORDS.
YOU'LL GRANT THAT?

GO AHEAD.
NELBY-- BUT
BE QUICK!



NELBY WAS GONE FIVE MINUTES-- SIX... THEN TEN.
SUDDENLY, PAT REMEMBERED SOMETHING, AND
SMELLED SMOKE...

STAY AND GO UP
WITH THE SHIP! YOU'LL
NEVER GET IN THE
MAGAZINE NOW!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
WHAT'S WRONG, LAD?

HE DIDN'T GO TO HIS CABIN.
HE WENT TO THE SHIP'S
POWDER MAGAZINE AND
SET FIRE TO IT! THE
SHIP'LL BLOW UP IF WE
DON'T PUT THE FIRE OUT!



LOCKED! NELBY HAS
THE LAST WORD
AFTER ALL!

NOT YET, SIR! HELP ME SQUEEZE
THROUGH THE BARS! I DID
IT ONCE BEFORE!



JERRY DRUMMER

THE FLAMES WERE HOT AND THE POWDER BARRELS WERE BEGINNING TO SMOKE. BUT THE YOUNG IRISHMAN COOLLY WORKED HIMSELF THROUGH THE BARS. THEN, WITH HIS HATED BRITISH SEAMAN'S JACKET, HE WENT TO WORK...

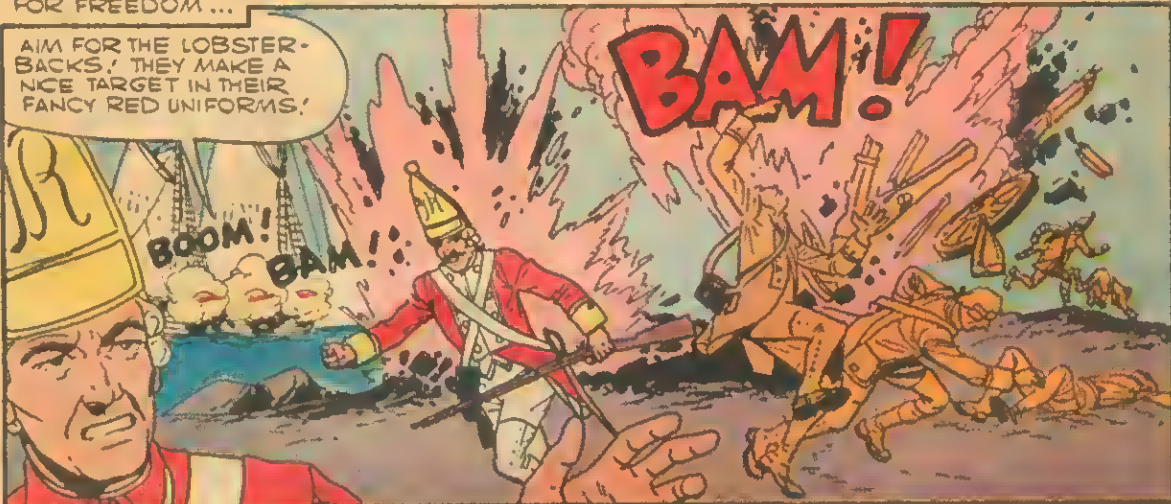


YOU'VE SAVED US ALL, PAT. MAKE SURE EVERY SPARK IS OUT.

DON'T WORRY, CAPTAIN. IF I MISS ANY, WE'LL HEAR ABOUT IT!



TEN MINUTES LATER, THE SWALLOW WAS FIT FOR BATTLE AGAIN. BUT THIS TIME SHE FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM...



AIM FOR THE LOBSTER-BACKS. THEY MAKE A NICE TARGET IN THEIR FANCY RED UNIFORMS.

THE MARINES BROKE AND RAN AT THE FIRST VOLLEY. MORE REDCOATS WILL COME BUT WE'LL BE READY FOR THEM. YOU'LL BE WITH US, WON'T YOU, PAT?



AYE, I'LL FIGHT. BUT ASIDE FROM FIGHTIN' FOR FREEDOM, IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO TAKE A WHACK AT CAPTAIN NELBY AND HIS KIND AGAIN.



END

The CONTINENTAL SOLDIER

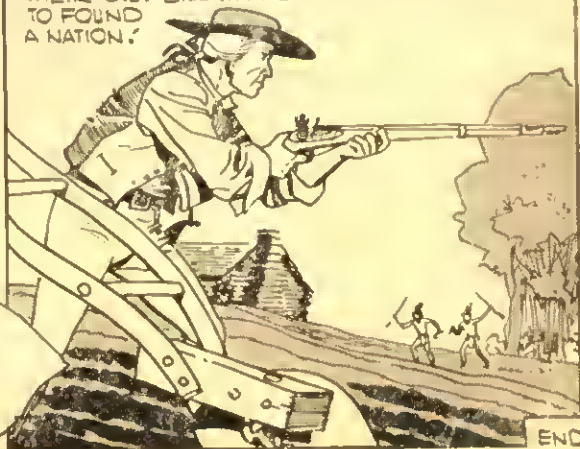
THE MEN WHO FOUGHT THROUGH THE SEVEN YEARS OF THE REVOLUTION--THE FEW FAITHFUL WHO DIDN'T GO HOME BECAUSE THEY WEREN'T FED OR EVER PAID--THE 2,100 HUNGRY, DISEASED MEN WHO FOLLOWED GEORGE WASHINGTON FROM LEXINGTON TO YORKTOWN WERE CALLED THE CONTINENTAL ARMY. UN-TRAINED IN THE BEGINNING, THEY LEARNED AS THEY FOUGHT, UNTIL, AT THE END, THEY WERE THE FINEST TROOPS IN THE WORLD!



WILLIAMS
JANUARY

THEY WERE PROMISED THEIR PAY IN CASH... BUT MOST OF THEM HAD TO SETTLE FOR DEEDS TO LAND IN A WILDERNESS THEY'D NEVER SEEN...

SOME OF THEM TOOK THEIR LAND--CARVED THEIR FARMS OUT OF THE FOREST, PLOUGHING LAND WITH ONE HAND WHILE THEY FOUGHT OFF INDIANS WITH THE OTHER! THIS WAS THEIR G.I. BILL... AND IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO FOUND A NATION.



END

CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1776!
GENERAL WASHINGTON
LEAD 3,000 FROST BITTEN,
HALF STARVED MEN ACROSS
THE DELAWARE TO VICTORY
AT TRENTON AND PRINCE-
TON; THIS WAS THE
TURNING POINT OF THE
REVOLUTIONARY WAR.



© 1976
The McGraw-Hill Companies